

THINKING IS EVERYTHING

What if we understood one person's rigor and commitment to address a specific question as the result of an irresistible build up from a kind of human web of internetted thoughts? An internet of thoughts that existed thousands of years before the computer age. And I don't mean prophets, artists, scientists or philosophers building on the work of previous prophets, artists, scientists, and philosophers.

I mean the cumulative psychic affect of a bunch of normal people going about their lives thinking these amazing thoughts; thinking up these passing questions that just scream for an answer and the universe finally going *I've had it!*

And picking someone and going, *you! fix this.*

Copernicus was not *the one*. Whatever *one* which had been built on the residue of the exploding human thought web somehow landed on him.

So daydream; think; you don't even have to write it down. It will be remembered. And the energy will always find an outlet. Your effort is not required.

Just your presence.

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